A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY

OF

My much endeared Brother in CHRIST,

The Reverend and Pious

Mr. *JOHN CENNICK*,

Who fell asleep in JESUS, on *Friday* the 4th of *July*, 1755.

BY

Mr. THOMAS BASTARD, Fuller.

EXETER:

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M.DCC.LXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

MEMORY

Of the late Pious and

Reverend Mr. *JOHN CENNICK.*

AWAKE, my Soul, attend the ſolemn Call!
Who can be unconcern'd at ſuch a Fall?
A Friend, a Brother, a Divine, indeed;
Whoſe Worth and Eminence did far exceed
Beyond the Meaſure of my feeble Praiſe,
My niceſt Thoughts, and moſt exalted Lays:
An awful Stroke demands a ſerious Note,
Then let not CENNICK's Exit be forgot.
Ye happy Souls, who heard and underſtood
His high Encomiums on the Saviour's Blood,
His moving Eloquence, and ſacred Art,
To ſtrike the Paſſions, and to melt the Heart,
T' inform the Judgment, and direct the Aim
In finding out bold Errors wide Extream;
His Method of Addreſs, his fervent Zeal,
His nice Conceptions, and admired Skill,

In dealing out the Word of Life to thoſe
Who did the Doctrine of the Croſs oppoſe;
His ſtrong Attempt, and conſtant Earneſtneſs,
To ſhew the Riches of the Saviour's Grace:
Speak, for he felt the Powers which did attend
His faithful Labours always to the End;
What Energy Divine poſſeſt your Souls,
What ſtrong Conviction every Luſt controuls,
While on the charming Sound your Paſſions hung,
In rich Profuſion dropping from his Tongue?
How have your tender Boſoms been impreſt?
And, oh! how often have your Tongues confeſt,
Such Joys as theſe beſpeak the Preacher's Worth,
Beyond the Power of Language to ſet forth?
I own this Atteſtation, and agree,
He well deſerves this Character from me;
Then let us mix our Sorrow, and deplore
Our heavy Loſs, that CENNICK is no more;
A Loſs like this muſt vindicate the Groan,
And juſtify our univerſal Moan!
Alas, my Brethren, we have now to mourn
A Bleſſing gone, that never will return;
No more ſhall we be favour'd of the LORD,
To hear from him the Life-reſtoring Word;
No more on Earth behold his lovely Face,
Adorn'd with all the Modeſty of Grace;
No more be favour'd with the pleaſing Sight
Of him whoſe Preſence did afford Delight;

No

No more, alas! —he's number'd with the Dead,
And with him all this great Advantage fled.
Adieu, my Friend! Adieu, my deareſt Brother!
Of thee bereft, where ſhall I find another
Of equal Worth? Will *Whitefield* deign to ſmile
And ſooth the Sorrow of his mourning Child?
Will he compaſſionate my weighty Grief,
And condeſcend to offer ſome Relief?
O! be intreated, venerable Sir,
Some kind Aſſiſtance timely to confer;
You knew his Worth, and, therefore will not blame
This feeble Effort to record his Fame:
My great Unworthineſs I freely grant,
And urge, that I the more Aſſiſtance want;
My Exigence, Dear Sir, is ſtill the more
Enhanc'd upon the Credit of this Score,
Then be entreated to regard my Suit,
Nor leave me of Aſſiſtance deſtitute.

But to return——I would not hopeleſs grieve,
But fondly hope ſome Comfort to receive
From Contemplations on the happy End
Of this lamented, this deceaſed, Friend.

Awake, my drowſy Powers, and take a View,
With Joy, and Extacy of Thought, purſue
His happy Spirit, his immortal Mind,
No more within its mortal Cage confin'd!
O! ſee its wond'rous Flight, its happy Reſt,
Its kind Reception, and its conſtant Feaſt;

Admiring,

Admiring, and adoring, come, explore
His ſafe Arrival to his wiſh'd-for Shore!
See with what Readineſs his Convoy come,
To guard him ſafe to his eternal Home!
See what Attendants wait to uſher in
His precious Soul, redeem'd from Death and Sin!
How glorioufly array'd in Robes Divine!
With what diſtinguiſh'd Luſtre do they ſhine!
But, O! the Accents of each Heavenly Tongue
That doth compoſe this dear cæleſtial Throng!
What Harmony, what Concord here is found!
I'm all Attention to the pleaſing Sound;
I fain would learn their Song, and catch their Flame,
But am debarr'd while in this mortal Frame,
As being much unequal to the Theme.

Great God, I bluſh! I bow, and muſt adore!
While I thoſe awful Myſteries explore:
And yet, methinks, I burn with inward Zeal,
Fond of deſcribing what I taſte, and feel.——
But 'tis impoſſible——I'll only ſay,
(Imagination ſeems to lead this Way)
In my Conceit, their Speech expreſſive is,
Of ſome ſuch Greeting, ſuch Addreſs as this——
" O happy Spirit, we muſt celebrate
" Thy happy Conqueſt, and congratulate
" Thy ſafe Arrival to this bleſt Abode!
" Come in and prove the Plenitude of God."

Methinks

Methinks I hear my Brother thus reply,
" I come, my Friends, I come moſt joyfully:
" With you I'll bow, and thankfully adore
" The Riches of his Grace for evermore."
Methinks I ſee him awfully approach
The holy Throne, and, with an humble Crouch,
Bow down before the Dear Majeſtic Feet
Of his exalted LORD, and thus entreat,
" O! Holy Lamb, my honour'd LORD, and GOD,
" Permit the Purchaſe of thy precious Blood
" Thus to approach, and bow before thy Throne,
" And gratefully my Obligation own:
" By thee redeem'd, by thee thus happy made,
" O! let me bow before my LORD, and Head,
" Adore the Riches of thy pard'ning Grace,
" And ſhout perpetually thine awful Praiſe."
Methinks I ſee the Dear Majeſtic Lamb,
With Eyes more bright than the moſt livid Flame,
As bending gently from his radiant Throne,
To ſpeak a Welcome to his little Son!
And thus, methinks, the Holy JESUS ſpake,
" Draw near, and of thy Maſter's Joy partake;
" Thou haſt been faithful to my Cauſe below,
" A Crown of Life I will on thee beſtow."
O! happy Brother, muſt I leave thee here,
And ſtay behind? Ah! no——I will prepare,
Prepare to follow: JESUS, guide my Way,
And do not ſuffer my poor Feet to ſtray;

Uphold,

Uphold, and ſtrengthen, comfort, and ſupport,
'Till I, like him, have reach'd my Heavenly Port:
And, O! my deareſt Maſter, may it pleaſe
" Thy Majeſty to condeſcend to eaſe
My every Burthen, which I feel, or fear,
By witneſſing, that thou art ever near!
May the ſame Influence my Steps controul,
As did inſpire my happy Brother's Soul,
That, like as him, I henceforth ever may
Moſt readily thy Mind, and Will, obey,
And, like as him, when I am here no more,
Bow down, and thankfully thy Grace adore!

FINIS.